A Weeks Loving, Wooing, and Wedding:

OR,

Happy is that Wooing that is not long a Dooing.

Here was a nimble Bridegroom, and a Bride,
In Eight ſhort days the long faſt Knot was ty'd.

To the Tune of Billy and Molly. Licenſed according to Order.

ON Sunday Johnny went to Church
ſo ſpruce, and neat, and finey,
Cupid lay for John at lurch,
and ſhew'd him pretty Jinny,
Johnny was ſhot to the heart,
and prov'd a zealous Lover,
That Jenny ſhe might cure his ſmart,
he was reſolved to move her.

Johnny was a ſtitching Blade,
and he could not work a Monday;
Jinny lov'd the ſtitching Trade,
but minded John a Sunday:

He to her did make Addreſs,
but ſhe receiv'd it ſhiely,
The loving truth he did confeſs,
but Jinny ſhe was wily.

Tueſday came, and Johnny then
proteſt to her profoundly,
He lov'd her more than any Man,
and ſpoke his Paſſion roundly;
Jinny ſhe did love to ſpin,
as pretty Maids do often,
She fancy'd John could put it in,
and that did Jinny ſoften.

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On Wedneſday then the Lovers met,
and Johnny preſt her home to't;
he ſaid his Love was on her ſet,
but ſhe ſaid nought but mum to't:
Jinny was a coming Laſs,
her Silence was conſenting,
When John had brought it to that paſs,
he then fell to prelenting.

On Thurſday then he brought her ſtore,
what Maid could have forſook 'em?
Of Ribbons, Globes, with ſundry more,
and ſhe ſaid No, and took 'em:
Johnny was a Lover free,
tho' bound in Jinny's Fetters,
Jinny lov'd as well as he,
tho' ſhe might a had his Betters.

On Friday Johnny ask'd her what
ſhe had to ſay againſt it;
She ſaid there was two words to that,
for fear ſhe ſhou'd repent it:
But John he did her ſo perſwade,
that ſhe gave no denial,
But ſaid he ſhould be her own Blade,
and put it to the Trial.

On Saturday there ne'er was ſeen
ſuch Billing, and ſuch Cooing;
Jinny and her John between,
ſuch Kiſſing and ſuch Wooing.
Thus both agreed in Love to ſpend,
concluded on the Morrow,
That they would Wed, and ſo to Bed,
and ſport away all Sorrow.

On Sunday they to Church did goe,
where Love firſt had beginning,
The Parſon he made one of two,
ſo the Buſineſs had an ending:
John and Jinny marry'd were,
O! merry night of Sunday!
Pretty Maids do not Deſpair,
'twill be your own caſe one day.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner, J. Deacon at the Angel in Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet, J. Blare at the Looking-glaſs on London-bridge near the Church, J. Back at the Black Boy on London-bridge near the Draw Bridge.